

Halo : The Untold Stories of an ODST

by ReaperActual

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Summary: In an universe filled with bloodthirsty aliens out to destroy humanity, follow the life and untold stories of an ODST trooper. Enter UNSC. Blanc Black is a Marine-turn-ODST born on Reach. Experience his ODST trooper life. View UNSC's best in a way you have never before.

1. Chapter 0: Marine Life

Halo: Untold Stories of an ODST

Chapter 0: Marine Life

"Never ever have I been so afraid" PFC James

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><p>Hey guys, this is the first fanfic writing that I am uploading. If there is any errors, disputes or applaude I will appreciate them if you guys would just put them
in the review below.

* * *

><p>Date: 5th June 2528<p>

Staff Sergeant Blanc Black

Prologue

I watched quietly as the Pelican transport flew past overhead. We have been left on the planet Eridanus II for almost a week. My personal favorite weapon, the M395 Designated Marksman rifle, which I personally called Betty, was lying beside me. Ever since we dropped from orbit, she has been fired for less than 10 times. Right now, it has 6 rounds left in its magazine. She was lying on her side, about as tired as I was. We have been dropped in to help evacuation of civilians but a pesky corvette got through the orbital barricade the

UNSC set up and sent down at least 15 Phantom-class dropships before _Thunder's_ _Duty _picked it up on radar and sent 2 MAC rounds through it.

" Sarge, the covies are attacking again!" I heard a shout from the front of the barricade.

Garry was getting nervous again. He has been calling out like this every half hour since he has spotted at least 3 Elite personal drop pods 2 hours ago. I looked through Betty's scope and realized that it wasn't his paranoia this time. There was at least 3 elite minors leading a small squad of grunts and jackals.
>The jackals were bunching their shields together, covering the grunts and elites behind. They were around 500 meters out.<p>

" Gentlemen, its now or never"

* * *

><p>So how was it? This will not be the only chapter that I will be uploading. I'm planning for this to be a long term story. Feel free to leave reviews, it really encourages my work.

ReaperActual,over and out.

2. Chapter 1: New Life

Halo: Untold Stories of an ODST

Chapter 1 : New Life

Date: 4th August 2532

Gunnery Sergeant Blanc Black

I turned uncomfortably in my bunk. Hard beds were NOT good for your back; however, that was not the reason why I felt uncomfortable. I have been dreaming on that day on Eridanus II again.

The day my whole squad almost got wiped out...

I urged half of my squad to board the Falcon first. After they boarded, the rest of us who were providing suppressing fire turned and sprinted towards the other Falcon. All of a sudden, we heard a charging sound. All of us knew what it was.

"Plasma Launcher!" my second-in-charge , Sergeant Klaus, screamed out. But it was too late. The first Falcon, the one with half of my squad, had four glowing orbs sticking to them and in almost no time, all four blew up.

" Mayday! Mayday! Tiger One going down!" the pilot was literally screaming his throats out.

I looked away as the Falcon carrying half my squad crashed into the ocean. I knew there was no hope for them. The lucky ones would die instantly; the unlucky ones will slowly drown in the merciless cold water.

"Hurry up! Let's go!" the other Falcon's pilot was urging us over the channel. Before he too got blown up.

The heat wave from the explosion blistered the right arm I was using to shield my arm from the glare. Nothing hospital cannot fix. If, we could even get to one.

"Elites! Left..."I heard someone scream out before getting killed.

The remainder of my squad and I turned to the left flank only to be greeted by an horrifying sight. It turns out the person who called out and warned us was Klaus. He was impaled by an energy sword.

"Ultra! Kill that fucker!" I screamed out, both for the threat and for losing my second-i-c. Five rifles rang out and it wasn't before long before the ultra was on the ground bleeding profusely and clutching at its wounds. I pulled out my sidearm and put one 12.7mm bullet through its brain. I looked up and saw a whole platoon rushing at our position, with another ultra leading them. The next thing I saw was flashes of oranges and roughly 20 loud thuds. Thuds like these can only mean one things: drop pods. I saw 10 drop pods, ODS'T drop pods, pop open and black armored figures leaping out of them with finesse. These guys were the best the UNSC could offer. They received further augmentations than the standard soldier, regardless Marines, Army or Navy. The ODS'Ts grabbed their weapons from the pods and began firing upon the advancing platoon, focusing on the ultra.

"Who is the top ranking officer here?" one of the ODS'T who had 3 knives strapped on him spoke up. I nervously spoke up: " All the officers were hiding in that warehouse over there. Unfortunately, the last Banshee strafing run managed to blow it up. So now the highest ranking soldier here is me"

The ODS'T nodded before firing three bursts at an elite who managed to vault over a wrecked car to his right before I shot it in the head.

"I need you to command all remaining forces to fall back and wait for evac."

" Sir, our objective was to cover civilian evacuation, "

" There are no more civilians. The Covenant bombed every city in the continent from orbit five hours ago. The only people left are the fucking covvies, us and dead bodies."

"Fuck"

I radioed every soldier in a three mile radius, relaying the orders from the ODS'T while the ODS'Ts themselves held off waves after waves of assaults. ODS'Ts dropping in always mean either we are on an offensive or we are in deep shit. If I got off this planet alive, I am definitely enlisting to be one.

The roar of an Albatross shook me back to cruel reality. I turned and shouted" Everyone in!" First to go in were the injured, then snipers,

heavy weapons then finally the ODSTs.

"That's everyone! Let's go!"

The Albatross turned and fled in supersonic speed. I grimaced for the casualties and for the fall of yet another planet.

3. Chapter 2: Deployment

Halo: Untold Stories of an ODST

Chapter 2 : Deployment

Date: 23rd December 2534

Gunnery Sergeant Blanc Black

Aboard UNSC Destroyer _Ancient Might, orbiting Jericho VII of the Lambda Serpentis System_

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><p>I put on the last piece of my armor. Damn, the ODST armor is uncomfortable when you are not used to it. I don't get how ODST veterans can go for days or even weeks in full armor. Anyway, being only recently enlisted in the 105th ODST Battalion means that I only got the default ODST armor set with no modifications. The guy at the armory told me that after I have fought in, or survived, a few engagements then the UNSC will allow modifications for "better operations in the field". I think it just means that the UNSC don't want to waste armor on "rookies".<p>

"Officer on deck!" I snapped to attention and remained in salute position.

"At ease soldiers." Major Aver returned the salute. " As you guys realized, we have a new soldier in our midst. Gunnery Sergeant Black here is an experienced soldier in the field with "outstanding leadership and marksman skills" as his file indicates. As such, he will be put in charge of the Recon/Support squad in the platoon as some of you might know what happened to Lt. Collins."

I tensed up. Since I joined, I have been getting to know everyone and my roommate, Lance Corporal Gills , had told me what happened to the previous leader of Recon squad. Apparently they were in an alley planning the next part of an assault when a cloaked elite shot him with a needle rifle from three stories up. The elite was quickly dispatched by the sniper on patrol from the squad but Collins were already helpless. The needle penetrated his neck and shattered into microscopic shards. Hell,they didn't even have a complete body to bring back for funeral detail.

I shook myself as I saluted the squad, noticing some whispering here and there from its midst. I had a sudden vibe that some of them were hoping I would die in the first mission.

"Party's over, ladies. You girls can gossip after this. Back to serious business." Everyone in the deployment room tensed up. "At 0500 hours yesterday, the Covenant discovered the Lambda Serpentis

system and immediately hailed for reinforcements. As of today, they have a force of ten frigates and a carrier in orbit of the planet Jericho VII. In response, the UNSC has deployed five destroyers to assist us in the evacuation of civilians. We, however, are going in to do the dirty job."

"Recon will go in first and secure a LZ for the air guys to drop off Delta Company. After which, Anti-Vehicle will drop in followed by Special Forces. Recon will drop in half an hour; drop time of AV and SF will depend on how long LZ clearance time will take. Recon, suit up. AV and SF take a break. Black here will take over."

I took a look at my squad. The squad is comprised of 5 men including small squad. I have read all their files and even used my rank to "clear" some black ink. First we have Corporal Linus. He is listed as the top hundred marksmen in the whole UNSC, like me. Sergeant Charles and Lance Corporal Kon are referred to as "explosive loving maniacs". Surprised why they are even in Recon instead of AV. Lastly there is Staff Sergeant Santos. He is a close-quarters combat specialty, meaning melee and shotgun. Well, I'll have to think of callsigns later.

"Well, you heard the man. Suit up, Recon!" Everyone scrambled to do weapon check and some armor up. I personally went to the armory to get guns. Some smart guy up there has conveniently thought of putting the armory smack next to the deployment bay to save deploying ODSs time. I walked in, showed my identification to the man, and went to the weapon racks. There were many weapons held on the racks, most of which are familiar to me. However, there is one that caught my eye.

"What is this rifle here?"

"Oh that, it's the new sniper R&D sent over. Its not field-tested yet but I think they will be happy if someone did it for them. It's designated as the SRS99 AM/SB."

SB usually means "shortened barrel" and increases accuracy and power but also increased recoil, theoretically.

"I'll take it along with a Oracle 10X scope, a M6G pistol with KFA-2 X2 smart-link" I didn't need ammo as the deployment room has ammo crates for ODSs but the only weapon they have is the MA5 rifle, although they have ammo for any gun that you can find in the armory, including rockets and grenades. UNSC logic. Provide ammo but you have to pay for the damn guns to do your job.

"I'll charge it to your pay."

I grimaced and left the armory with the guns. Fucking UNSC are overcharging us for the guns. The M6G cost me nearly twice than what I could have brought them off any gun shop in Reach, even with that KFA-2 X2 scope. Not that there are many left ever since UNSC started devising laws against civilian gun merchants. I picked up twenty clips for my SRS and slung them in a bandolier and ten clips for my sidearm, stuffing them in the utility belt. Following which I picked up a frag grenade, as many flashbangs as I can keep and a incendiary grenade just in case. I also strapped a combat knife to the holster on my chest armor plate.

" Recon Squad will be dropped from orbit in T-Minus five minutes. All involved personnel please report to drop bay" Criss,the ship's "smart" AI reminded us. She was unlike any other smart AI, she likes to communicate with us and joke around, acting like any other fellow soldier in the Marines,that's why everyone on the ship enjoyed her company, rather than keeping to herself and doing her pesky calculations.

"Sir, reporting for duty." Kon saluted me. I saluted back and told him to wait for the rest. In two minutes time, everyone was here and ready to go. I told them the plan of action.

"Santos will take point, Kon and Charles will follow up and finally Linus and I will hang back to provide cover should anything happen. Now to your pods ladies!" Everyone stood at their pods, strapping in their weapons and equipment at the side before fitting in. I put in M6G at the holster at my thigh while placing the SRS at the right side weapon holder before finally standing into the pod.

" How do we go?"

"Feet first into hell!"

"Damn right we do."

I smiled to myself. Traditional phrase that we Helljumpers supposedly said before dropping off from orbit. I knocked twice on the pod's cover to signal to the engineer to launch the squad and off we went. I have never dropped from orbit before and thus I was looking around through the pod's cover. I could barely make out the silhouette of a Covenant frigate before we started entering atmosphere. The pod started heating up tremendously and I can feel myself sweating even with the ODS armor's climate control system.

"Sergeant, come in" Criss' voice called out over the comms.

"Yes?"

"There has been change in the mission objective. Command has new intel and orders from FLEETCOM. A certain Major has sensitive information about ONI work in this area but his plane has been shot down by Covenant AA placements. FLEETCOM has ordered that the first ODS squad that has boots on the ground to extract the Major, if he is still alive, if not, try to retrieve or destroy the information to prevent it from falling into Covenant hands. LZ clearance has been transferred over to SF squad. Copy?"

"Solid copy, Criss. Black out."

I unwillingly relayed the information to my squad and all of them acknowledged. I hoped that this wouldn't go wrong. Venturing into enemy territories to extract a personnel or to retrieve sensitive information make me wish I had more people on the squad. However, we are Helljumpers.

We are the best.

* * *

><p>Hey guys, ReaperActual here. I thank the first 25 people that read the first two chapter that I wrote. It was a great encouragement to me seeing how fast my story was read. Anyway, most of the information was from Halo Wikia so thanks to them. If you guys have any character that you want me to put in or someone to die (muahaha) as well as any impressions,mistakes or good parts this chapter have feel free to PM, review or follow.

ReaperActual , over and out.

4. Chapter 3: First Combat

Halo: Untold Stories of an ODST

Chapter 3 : First Combat

Date: 23rd December 2534

Gunnery Sergeant Blanc Black

Jericho VII

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><p>"Engaging chutes. Velocity reduced by 40%." the voice in my HUD keeps repeating. The ground seems to be approaching fast and I secretly hope the voice was correct. " 50 meters altitude, engaging rockets." All of a sudden, the ground seemed to be moving towards me slower. And it stopped. I pulled the hatch above me and the cover of the SOEIV popped away. I took my SRS out from its holder and my HUD lit up, connecting an uplink to my SRS' Oracle scope.<p>

"Count off"

"Green" Charles reported.

" Green" Kon repeated.

" Green" Linus continued.

"... Green" Santos finished.

" Criss, can you hear me?"

"Crystal clear, my dear gunny. Now what can I do for you?"

" I need you to upload my objectives onto my HUD and leave a waypoint here and at the Falcon's last known position."

"Done, have a nice day gunny"

All of a sudden, my HUD lit up. I saw that there was a waypoint where our pods had impacted and I designated it as fall back point.

" Okay, same as the plan. Santos takes point, Charles and Kon take one side each slightly diagonal to Santos. Linus and I will hang back a bit to help provide eyes."

Everyone took their assigned position and we moved on.

"Sir, we have a little problem." It was Santos who reported over the squad channel. I looked into my Oracle scope, adjusted it to 10X and saw what he meant. To reach the crash site, the fastest route is to cut through a thick jungle.

"Your call, gunny. Cut through it or re-route?"

I thought for a while. Since FLEETCOM has personally ordered the destruction or retrieval of the sensitive information, it must be urgent. No choice then. "Santos, use your machete and carve a path through the jungle. Kon, switch to your MA5 and cover him" There was a hustle as they carried out my instructions. It was very quiet, except for the occasional twig snap. Out of nowhere, I saw a green flash and Santos collapsed on the ground.

"Fuck, someone get him behind cover!" I screamed at the front. Kon dropped his rifle and dragged Santos behind a boulder as I switched to thermal and looked around. My teammates' thermal signature were in green and any belonging to unidentified living things or people with no IFF tags will be in red. I looked from the direction the green flash came from and saw at least two jackal skirmisher snipers. Sneaky bastards always so quiet yet speedy.

I turned from my cover and shot one in the head. The jackal in question collapsed onto the ground with a loud snap, no doubt dead. However, before I could shoot it, the other jackal leapt away, too far out of range for my thermal to have effect. Dammit, now the Covenant knows we will be coming. I double checked that it was gone before turning off my thermal and sprinting over to Kon and Santos.

"How is he?" I depolarized my helmet and took it off, looking at Santos' shoulder

"Nothing serious, his shoulder guard dispersed most of the plasma but he would get blisters and a bad sore in the shoulder for a while. His shoulder guard will be useless now, though." Kon nonchalantly replied while spraying biofoam on Santos' shoulder. The biofoam would help keep away infection and speed up tissue and muscle healing process.

I looked at the shoulder guard. It was literally a piece of molten metal that has lost its shape and didn't serve any purpose.

"However, he might need to check radiation levels in his body after we get back to _Ancient Might. _That was a carbine shot and those shits are radioactive."

"Is he able to move and fire?"

"Yes."

"Good, then let's move the fuck on"

We helped Santos up on his feet, with him letting out a few grunts as he popped a few painkiller pills and an adrenaline shot that every soldier is issued pre-deployment. He looked better all of a sudden. Kon picked up his dropped rifle and we trekked on, however, this time Kon was taking point and Santos took his position.

Kon raised his hand up all of a sudden and gave the "halt" signal. Then he pulled out his combat knife and headed forward. We heard a wet "splish" sound and he returned.

"Grunt. Little bastard was napping." he explained.

We reached the crash site with no other encounters or misfortune. Linus used his scope to survey the area and looked pissed when he looked at the crashed Falcon.

"Gunny, look at that."

I looked through my own scope and at where he was pointing. There was an elite scout team searching through the wreckage, likely searching for the Major and the information.

"Should we take them out?"

"No, unless they find the data, we proceed in silence."

Eventually, the squid-heads couldn't find anything and left the crash site. We ran out of our cover in the forest and headed for the crash to do what they were doing: searching for that data. We searched through the crash only to find the body of the pilot and the Major.

"Command advise, what are we suppose to be searching for?"

It was half a minute before Criss replied. "A small black datapad with a small camera at the top. We suggest destroying it and call for eva...be advised, Phantom dropship approaching your position. Sit tight, we are sending evac."

Criss was right, I saw the Phantom dropship too and I think it also spotted us. Its side plasma turret began firing and its main gun started charging. I quickly found the datapad in the Major's pocket and placed a shot from my sidearm into it then stomping on it before hiding in the destroyed Falcon while the Phantom started deploying troops. We emerged from cover, checking for enemies. I spotted the elite squad that the Phantom dropped. It consists of three elite minors, five jackals and at least ten or fifteen grunts. They immediately started shooting at our position. Luckily, plasma is unstable and they were a distance out. The same cannot be said for them. Linus and I fired away and managed to take out two elites and three grunts before the other elite got smart and hid behind their jackals. The jackals activated their shield and bunched up, forming a shield wall. Standard Covenant advancing formation. I primed a frag grenade and threw it high up. The grenade landed a foot in front of the jackals and blew up. The explosion killed two jackals and stunned another. Linus took the chance to kill it before I killed the elite with a well-placed headshot. The rest was simple. Losing their leader, the grunts started going amok. Some went suicide, priming plasma grenades and rushing at us, hoping to bag a kill. Other just ran at us firing.

I switched to my sidearm and started picking out aliens, nailing out headshot after headshot while Linus did the same. This whole firefight barely even lasted five minutes. We only got a brief period to catch our breaths before the Phantom turned back again and dropped

two Ghosts along with more elites down. We were forced to hide again as it flew by. It suddenly exploded halfway when flying away. We looked up and saw our evac ride.

The Pelican turned and launched two air-to-ground missiles at each Ghost and began gunning the elites down with its 120mm machine turret.

"Hawk here, you guys are safe." the pilot, _female, _called out to us over the comms.

We clambered on board the Pelican and it flew us away in supersonic speed.

" Thanks for the hot evac, emm?"

"Ensign Alice, and you're welcome"

The Pelican returned us to _Ancient Might_ without any trouble. We safely locked in with the destroyer and got out.

"That wasn't so tough, was it?" Kon let out a whistle and took off his helmet. I did the same and chuckled. Anything wasn't tough for a Helljumper at all. Santos was escorted to the medical bay while the rest of us reported for debrief.

"Officer on deck!" All of us turned and stood at attention.

"At ease, gentlemen. This is a job well done. The data has been successfully destroyed. You guys earned yourselves a break." Major Aver dismissed us. Everyone cheered and started leaving the deployment/briefing bay.

Phew, first drop from orbit wasn't that bad.

* * *

><p>Hey guys, thanks for reading! I know I am only an amateur writer so I would appreciate any advise on improving this story. Anyone that feels like beta reading, feel free to drop me PMS.

Black's first drop wasn't that bad. Quick in-out op that Helljumpers do. Short engagement. No one died. As always, R&R will be appreciated.

ReaperActual,over and out.

End
file.